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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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MR. BARNES'S lawyers are evidently seeking to discount Colonel Roosevelt's attack by showing that he too played with the bosses. The tactics seem to be those of the inkfish. If the whole atmosphere is sufficiently blackened, the odium of Mr. Barnes's will be less noticeable. This method may be successful with careless people. It may be good court-room fighting for legal points. But it obscures the real issues of the trial. No one supposes, certainly Colonel Roosevelt has never to our knowledge asserted, that he became Governor against the will of the bosses or the machine. Back in '98 the very idea of such a thing was fantastic. Yet even in those dark days of our public life Colonel Roosevelt saw more keenly than most men of his position the dangers and temptations of boss rule. He preserved an independence of mind which, judged by the conditions of that period, was extraordinary. He started no crusade. He worked with the machine. He grew up in the school of regular Republican politics. But he grew up. When the country's notions of political moral- ernment for it has had to ... leader of it. There were men ahead of him, but he might well claim to have been ahead of the majority of his countrymen. While he was growing, while public opinion was changing, Mr. Barnes and his organization stood still. By 1910 the old regular politics was no longer tolerable to the best American opinion. Then came the break of which this trial is an echo. The evidence shows that Mr. Barnes has been consistent. He has not changed. That is his offense. Colonel Roosevelt has grown. That is his glory.

DR. DERNBURG'S attack on the fairness of the American press is not without reason. There has been a mass of ignorant denunciation of Germany which will cost us dearly in the assessment of good will. German sympathizers have good cause for complaint when they compare the credulity given to London and Petrograd dispatches with the lack of display accorded to German rumors. Our press on the whole has unquestionably been partisan, not in its editorial columns, where partisanship is justifiable, but in its presentation of news. Its sympathies have dulled its critical estimate of reports from the Allies. Many Englishmen have remarked to us that some of our leading papers are more royalist than the King, more pro-Ally than the best thought of England and France. The passionate taking of sides, against which the President issued his warning, has seriously misled the press of the Allies, and caused newspaper readers in those countries to expect special help from the United States. It is difficult for them to understand the American insistence on neutral rights when our press comment reproduced in their own journals sounds as if we were ready to take up arms. We have raised false hopes, and have paid the penalty that comes from disappointment. We have outraged German feeling, and not gained the adherence of the Allies. We have made more difficult every action taken by our gov-

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It is the price we pay for having no world citizenship of our own. Out of imitation and subserviency no respect is born. Our neutrality would have been a haven of civilized hope if Europe could have looked to us not for partisan support, but for some leadership in the creation of a better international system. For that leadership isolated America was unready.

EVENTS of the utmost significance seem to be taking place under the surface of Pan-American affairs. The journey of Dr. Lauro Muller, Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Uruguay and Argentina is probably justly regarded as the beginning of new South American developments. Various rumors are afloat. The coming financial congress of South American states at Washington bears upon the problem, for it is in the United States that South America must for the present find its capital. The policy of the United States toward Mexico has had psychological effects through the Latin states. It may mean the end of the Big-Brother attitude. At present no outsider can say definitely what is the meaning of events now taking place, but one thing is clear. South American governments are aware that the upsetting of the Balance of Power in Europe is bound to affect radically the future of this hemisphere. They probably see that South America, after China, may be the next goal of empire, and that some pan-American policy must be devised before the war ends.

ON Monday, April twenty-fifth, Mr. Root announced the committees for the New York Constitutional Convention. On the important questions where some reform is possible it may be said that the more progressive Republicans are in power. This will sound like a curious remark to those who read the names of the chairmen: Legislative powers, Mr. William Barnes; Governor and other state offices, Mr. Frederick C. Tanner; Cities, Mr. Seth Low; State Finances, Mr. Henry L. Stimson; but the fact is that these men and Mr. Root are the radicals of this convention. They are interested in structural reform. They will not do anything distorting to property rights. But they are ready to devise a machinery of state government which is at least capable of being worked for social purposes. They stand on the whole for greater municipal home rule, for concentrated responsibility, for a more efficient judicial system, and for the principle of the budget. On these points they will have to fight the unenlightened stand-pattism of the rural Republicans. We confess that the [illegible] Mr. Barnes as chairman of a committee has been encouraged to make the discovery that such reforms than the rank and file of this benighted convention. The really important committee is the one headed by Mr. Stimson. His plans for a budget system are an important advance in state government, and they deserve heartiest support. If once we can get to a point where appropriations are concentrated and made visible, it will be possible to fight for larger social programs. The present system of log-rolling and park-barrel politics turns every state issue into a local compromise. So far as there is any hope in this convention, that hope lies with the men who are led by Mr. Root and by Mr. Stimson.

WE do not think so meanly of Governor Whitman as to believe that he will ever permit the infamous Sanders bill to become law. That bill is the product of a Republican legislature which has been frankly reactionary and consistently dishonest. In the interest of certain real-estate groups this legislature wished to nullify the present laws safeguarding against fire the lives of factory workers, and with this purpose passed the Lockwood-Ellenbogen bill. When on Saturday the twenty-fourth it became evident that this Lockwood-Ellenbogen bill would be vetoed by Mayor Mitchel, the Republicans at Albany brought out of committee, where it had been peacefully slumbering, the Sanders bill, and passed it immediately through both houses without the formality of debate or hearings. It so happens that the Sanders bill is a trick bill, intended to injure though appearing innocent, and so constructed as to deprive the mayor of New York of his veto power. By passing this measure the New York State Republican machine has confirmed the worst that has been said of it.

NOT all department stores are insensible to the amenities of literature; a mere newspaper story can evoke righteous indignation, rash outbursts and regret. "'You're a Fool, My Dear,' Mary Is Told by Her Roommate Elsie," an epic of unemployment and life on seven dollars a week, which appeared in the Boston *Journal*, occasioned a cycle of emotions in Jordan Marsh and Co. Perhaps the narrator's English did not run sweetly; perhaps the experiences and feelings of a seven-dollar-a-week salesgirl were not such as should be put before the patrons of Jordan Marsh and Co. At any rate the company found it necessary to inform the Boston *Journal* that they were disgusted with the *Journal* for printing such a story. They pointed out that another Boston newspaper had

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all their advertising from the Boston *Journal*. Upon the painful notoriety which ensued, Jordan Marsh and Co. made the handsome admission that "they are in absolute accord with that public opinion which insists that the press shall not be subjected to censorship on the part of advertisers."

IS the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania to dispense with the services of such members of the teaching staff as "are not willing to subscribe to its policies"? This, it may be recalled, was the recommendation made by the Committee on the Wharton School to the Board of Directors of the General Alumni Society. The Wharton School Association, composed of students, has made a sound protest against this recommendation. "We are attending the Wharton School," they say, "for the purpose of learning as many things as we can. In the world we expect to come into contact with men of every shade of thought. We can see no reason why we should not hear various viewpoints expressed in the Wharton School." They prize "freedom of teaching as one of the chief assets of the school." The issue thus raised is of the first importance. If the Wharton School Association has its way, the difficulty in dismissing a teacher who won't subscribe and conform will grow greater and greater. If the recommendation of the Committee prevails, the school will compel the non-conformist teachers either to leave promptly or to disarm and intern.

COINCIDENCES prove nothing, but sometimes they furnish apt illustrations. Such has been the experience of San Francisco where the coincidence of an election and a tragedy showed the same community at once harsh and sympathetic. On November tenth of last year Joseph Lococo, laborer, shot and killed his employer, George Gray. Waiving all ethical and moral questions, the provocation was extreme. Lococo had a wife and two children literally tasting starvation. Seventeen dollars undisputed wages due from Gray Brothers, but unclaimed at the proper time, was withheld obstinately until the next payday. Lococo made a personal appeal to Mr. Gray, met a curt rebuff, and thereupon fired. The charge of murder was lodged, the defence was "temporary insanity," and on April sixteenth the jury returned "Not guilty." Lococo was probably no more insane than any other impulsive man pressed to an extremity. But the jury evidently believed that if Mr. Gray and his system managed to goad an employee to homicide, the surviving victim of the situation was not a fit object of punishment. Public opinion as a [illegible] their haggard women folk across the sidewalk to joying an unprecedented plenty of food and clothing. But just one week before this tragedy the people of San Francisco went to the polls at the general election. On the ballot were six pieces of so-called "social legislation": state prohibition, an eight-hour law, the abatement of houses of prostitution, abolition of prize-fighting, a minimum wage for women, and one day of rest in seven. These same responsive citizens, generously forgiving and pitiful of a life-taker, voted overwhelmingly against every possible flicker for social betterment. San Francisco's determined and indiscriminate rejection of the whole group of measures must denote a present distaste for ameliorative legislation, or an ignorance of the need. Of course the secret of the paradox is wide-open: to the average man a concrete instance is more persuasive than much argument. It is easy for him to see one hungry family, but difficult for him to think about ten thousand.

AMONG traveling American reactionaries there is no one who seems happier than Mr. Taft. He moves about the country with growing cheerfulness and ease. No wonder so many institutions of learning call him. No wonder he so often listens to their call. It has been his privilege to love judges and to love courts with a love that passes the love of women. He sometimes tells his love. It seems as firm as ever, but mellower, kinder, sweeter in its fondness. Yet there are men, calling themselves Mr. Taft's friends, who hope, however faintly, to disturb his peace, and who talk, although in low voices, of sending him back to the White House. To do so would be cruel. For what has put him in his happier mood but freedom from responsibilities that were never to his liking? His is a soul from hope and fear set free. His strength is to sit still, and now and then to travel a little, saying nice things about the Constitution.

Banquets

LAST Sunday evening, or more precisely early Monday morning, a familiar sight was presented to New York. Just before midnight a furtive figure or so could be seen to creep from the exits of a great hotel. A little later wan creatures, shadows of their former selves, limped also forth. As if by signal an army of sardonic chauffeurs drew up at the curb, and at about one o'clock a stream of hollow-eyed men, their clothes flapping on their shrunken frames, dumbly helped

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stronger males supported each other to the bar.

It was the end of a joyous public tribute to a beloved writer, a tribute under which, in spite of his most winning response, he seemed visibly to sink. Bad air, wine and tobacco had contributed to the result, but the real cause of havoc was four mortal hours of unbridled oratory. It was testimony of the sort that is dear to the students of fatigue. It proved the theory that "our experiences in fatigue and in some mild case of general poisoning are similar; there is the same disinclination to exert oneself, the sleepiness, the slight fever, the headache, the same feeling of general unfitness for any emergency or crisis." A boy with a pea-shooter could have decimated these victims without any more resistance than a reproachful glance.

The moral offense of the speakers was the usual one—an ignorance as to "when and where to stop." The all-too practiced political wit, the actor with his pet recitations, the amiable "man from home," the laborious friend—each and every one had forgotten the secret of after-dinner speaking, "Be short, my dear, be short." A jest, like a cocktail, is a good thing; but twenty jests, like twenty cocktails, bring nausea. A reminiscence, like a blanket, is warming; but twenty reminiscences, like twenty blankets, produce suffocation. Nerves should be thrilled but not thrummed, gizzards should be tickled but not goaded. A public speaker is a despot, and despots should be benevolent, however swelled their hearts may be, or their heads.

"Inhibition," says the professor, "is the art of restraining personal immediate tendencies for the good of the individual or the race."

"A person," insists the professor, "no matter how highly educated otherwise, is a neural monster if he has not inhibition."

"The lack of inhibition," continues the professor, "is not the expression of neural strength, but the result of the neural machine having lost its governor."

"Inhibition is the expression of neural vigor; it is knowing when and where to stop, when not to act, not to speak. It is the art of keeping within bounds, of gaining moral perspective, of subordinating self and the present for the sake of the race and the future."

"Subordinating self":—cruel words, but apt, in this connection.

" 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,' " concludes the professor, " 'and have not "inhibition," it profiteth me nothing.' "

It is the last word on after-dinner speaking. Of celebrations should compel their performers to remember that the best spoke in the wheel is the fittest and not the longest.

The Difficult Peace

ANYONE who makes an effort to think about the war is likely soon to find himself in great confusion. Indeed, the only people who escape this difficulty seem to be those who have given up the effort. These people say either that the slaughter is horrible and ought to be stopped, or they plant themselves on one side and shout for victory. But their very certainties are an illusion, their convictions betray the lack rather than the possession of ideas. What does it mean, for example, to cry: "Stop the war"? The Germans, as Dr. Dernburg reminded us the other day, are in possession of almost all Belgium, the richest part of France, and of Poland. They have conquered the territory of three nations. Presumably they will not relinquish what they hold except for a great price or because they have to. Accordingly those who cry, "Stop at any cost" are advocating submission on the part of the Allies. If the Allies accepted such advice, they would simply be announcing that it didn't matter what happened to Europe, that the supreme power belonged to the government which was ready to strike first.

Yet the people who are unreservedly for one side are in no better position. They say they wish a victory; but if one pauses to think of the complexity of the issues involved, the word victory almost ceases to mean anything. Suppose an extreme case. Suppose the German army is beaten to a point where it can no longer take the field. The statesmen of England, France and Russia have then to devise a settlement. But here at once they are confronted with a problem almost as puzzling as if the war had not been fought. They have to find a place for Germany, Austria and Turkey; each has to adjust itself to the interests of the others, and the rewards and indemnities have to be apportioned. There is a series of difficult world problems up for solution which the movement of the armies will affect but will not decide. At the end of the war there will be a different balance of forces, which will make different solutions possible, but for the intricate questions of boundaries, colonies, finance, tariffs, markets, concessions, nationality, creed, home rule, there will be nothing so definite and simple as is implied in the idea of victory. Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson. It was a famous victory. But nothing equally decisive in the war is conceivable,

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a single nation that can be proclaimed champion, but a complex of interests and desires to be adjusted to a new complex of forces.

This overwhelming intricacy is what makes thinking so difficult. We do not know how the war will end, what powers and forces it will leave in existence. For example, it is obvious that the settlement will be different if the Turks hold the Dardanelles, different if the English hold them, still different if Russia holds them. Upon this welter of bargains, negotiations, jealousies, and hatreds which the war has precipitated, the idealists are planning to impose a more permanent settlement. They will have to make something more hopeful out of this brute balance of forces, memories, and ambitions. They must agree not only on what they desire, but upon some common program which the people of Europe will accept and work for.

There are hints of such a program arising not only from England and France, but from Germany as well. The principle of nationality is very much lauded, but it is a principle which is supremely difficult to translate into the reality of Southeastern Europe. Nationality is a term which has at least as much capacity for making trouble as for allaying it. It will not be easy to house in Europe at the same time pan-Serbism, pan-Bulgarianism, pan-Hellenism, pan-Rumanianism, pan-Islamism, pan-Germanism, pan-Slavism. It is possible to rectify frontiers, but a new frontier is no guarantee that it will not become a tariff wall across which ambitious little nations shall snarl at one another. There is a good deal of legitimate doubt whether a number of sovereign peoples, each fighting for its own advancement, is preferable to, let us say, a development of some kind of federal democracy out of the structure of Austria-Hungary.

These difficulties are real ones, and they are only hints of what is meant by the settlement of Europe. When there is added to them the settlement of trade questions throughout the world, it becomes clear that the best program of peace yet submitted is nothing but the vaguest and crudest of suggestions. The human mind has before it a problem such as it has never yet attempted to solve. The factors are more complicated and more restless and more elusive than any the intellect has ever played with. The peaceful settlement of Europe means a plan for the future development of the world, and finite man may well gasp at the task before him. Humility in the face of it is neither indifference nor cowardice. It is the rather feeble beginning of wisdom.

Those who do not care about permanent peace, who care simply about old-fashioned diplomatic gain for as much advantage as they can wring out of the situation. But the internationalists who care for the human future and enjoy some world citizenship have no precedents, no technique, no common tradition or understood procedure to guide them. The science of international relations is for them like the first stumbling of a child. They live at the very dawn of new ways of thinking, and they are certain to meet many failures before their minds have clarified their task. Our own generation may thus see no great discovery, no telling formulation of principles. It will suffer in experiments which are blind, and accumulate a little wisdom in suffering. The more naïve will build high hopes and fall into disappointment. They will grow impatient with those who end every affirmation with a question mark and surround every plan with a disturbing doubt. But the more critical will know that peace is a long adventure, which would be crushing in its difficulties if it were not sustained by the finest hope that lures the mind of man.

The Closed Mind

ON May fourth the Industrial Relations Commission is to determine whether Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., knew or did not know. Mr. Rockefeller testified at the New York hearing of the Commission that he had held hands off during the Colorado strike and had possessed no real knowledge of the labor conditions in the coal fields. But Mr. Walsh, chairman of the Commission, has unearthed a mass of letters and telegrams exchanged by Mr. Rockefeller and officials of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and these letters seem to convince Mr. Walsh that Mr. Rockefeller did know, that he was in fact the directing mind throughout the struggle. Mr. Rockefeller is to be called to the stand.

We believe from a perusal of these letters that it will be difficult for Mr. Rockefeller to establish a complete intellectual alibi. The correspondence shows that he was generally kept informed of the progress of affairs, and on November 21, 1913, he writes to Mr. L. M. Bowers, chairman of the executive department of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, at Denver, a letter revealing his authority. "The action of our officers," he writes, "in refusing to meet the strike leaders is quite as much in the interest of our employees as of any other element in the company. Their position meets with our cordial approval and we shall support them to the end." But though Mr. Rockefeller did know something, it does not appear

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gain the impression that the New York directors of the company were informed of the situation only after conditions had arisen which left no alternative action to the one proposed by the men on the field. In theory New York had the final say in all matters of policy, but Denver knew the facts in detail, and in reality Denver decided.

The question as to whether Mr. Rockefeller knew is not merely academic. Ignorance of course would not have excused him, for his responsibility is equally great if he intentionally permitted the strike, or if he accomplished the same result by refusing to be informed. The real importance of the ignorance or semi-ignorance on the part of responsible directors of companies is that it throws the decision into the hands of local managers, who are principally interested in making a good showing, and are men who, though capable and active, have usually no real sense of social problems and no outlook. So long as men like Mr. Welborn and Mr. Bowers were in charge of the labor conditions in the Colorado mines, there was no possibility of an understanding with any trade union, however moderate, and no incentive to the union to observe proprieties.

There is something almost pathetic in the figure of Mr. Bowers as he reveals himself in these letters. He is so obviously a survival from a former economic age that one fears that he must be acutely uncomfortable whenever he thinks. He seems from his letters to be that highly significant, if not personally interesting type of employer who believes piously in a profitable industrial despotism, moderated by a very little welfare work. Mr. Bowers, like others of his kind, hates trade unions. He finds that they reduce "the quality of the output." To him a union appears as a herd of abject wage-earners intimidated by greedy officials, many of whom are "disreputable agitators, socialists and anarchists." These leaders, who are guilty of all sorts of "hellish villainy," are seeking to "stir up strife and discord and inevitable revolution in this country." Is it a wonder, then, that Mr. Bowers is willing to fight to the end against this hideous "union domination"? He and his associates, so he dictates to his stenographer, "will stand by this declaration until our bones were bleached as white as chalk in these Rocky Mountains."

What is depressing about the utterances of Mr. Bowers is that they are almost identical with what one can still hear in thousands of little factories all over the country, and scarcely show advancement, except in the matter of a few phrases, over what was said twenty or forty or, for that matter, noblemen and gentlemen of London against the exactions of their journeymen were not behind Mr. Bowers in their industrial philosophy. Mr. Bowers has the vision of the man who is in the dust of the immediate conflict. He honestly believes, since his men are afraid to present grievances, that they have none; because they fear to join a union that they do not wish a union. Like many other employers he draws a false picture of his own workmen by generalizing from those who are most sycophantic and spineless. He seems to admit in his letters to Mr. Rockefeller that conditions are not so good in certain other mining companies as in his own, but he advances no proposal for the improvement of such conditions. The only agency for bettering the wage-earning relation is the instinctive benevolence of the employer. He writes to Mr. Rockefeller: "As I told your father in the first interview that we ever had, nearly twenty years ago, I would flatly refuse to be connected with any business enterprise where I would be handicapped in uplifting and benefiting mankind, especially those in our employ."

All through the correspondence New York is found taking a somewhat broader and more open-minded view than Denver. New York is surprised that Mr. Ethelbert Stewart of the United States Bureau of Labor is "not at all of the labor agitator type," but Denver denounces all labor agitators in every letter and dilates upon their lies and "hellish villainy." Mr. Rockefeller deplores bloodshed; Mr. Bowers writes of losses, victories and "enemies" like a war correspondent. In the summer of 1914 Mr. Rockefeller proposes the establishment of a system by which the grievances of the men can better be presented. Mr. Bowers is opposed, though he is willing "later on and after the strike is over" to have some sort of "a general uplift board, so to speak." In fact Mr. Bowers's active mind is concerned not with how to create some form of industrial representation, but with the crushing of the trade union economically and politically. He is making Napoleonic combinations and is preparing for the campaign of 1916, when the question of the open shop will be one of the great issues. He wishes to force all candidates for office to come out and declare for or against "the open shop." He will "awaken the men who have the good of the country at heart to oppose and finally defeat unions of every sort."

It is this closed mind of the men who are in real charge of many of the industries of the country that renders bloody outbreaks such as the Colorado strike of 1914 inevitable. But the prejudice and the mental rigidity of these dull satraps of in-

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little better than Mr. Bowers what the American people think and feel, and he cannot at once be in control of a great corporation and be without responsibility for its attitude towards labor. We might quote to Mr. Rockefeller the classic words of Mr. Bowers, written in another connection: "So long as the politicians can ride two horses going in opposite directions at the same time without attracting the attention of the public, they are reasonably safe, but that time is coming to an end."

Japan and the "Open Door"

ALTHOUGH there is no evidence that Japan has modified the demands originally presented at Peking, it has seemed during the past two weeks that the Chinese have gained courage, and that to a certain extent Japanese pressure has been relaxed. Responsible news agencies have indicated that the lull in negotiations has been due to Japan's desire, before proceeding further, to await a declaration of British policy, which it was expected would shortly be made.

On the twentieth of April Sir Edward Grey, in reply to questions in the House of Commons, reaffirmed Great Britain's determination to maintain the "open door" and the equality of commercial opportunity in China. He intimated that His Majesty's Government had been in close touch with the negotiations at Peking and was confident that Japan would in no wise depart from the fundamental principles of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The preamble of this document, signed at London on August 12, 1905, sets forth as among the objects:

> (b) The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China;
>
> (c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the High Contracting Parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India and the defence of their special interests in the said regions.

It might be supposed that clause (b) constituted an absolute guarantee for China's independence and integrity. But clause (c) contains a possible qualification: undefined special interests in "East ern Asia" may be defended.

The first Anglo-Japanese Alliance, signed in 1902, was believed to safeguard the independence of Korea, although Japan's peculiar and special interests in that peninsula were recognized, and it garded as separate problems, politi[illegible] their protection. The Russo-Japanese War was a step to this end. Article 3 of the Alliance of 1905, signed while the peace negotiations at Portsmouth were in progress, conceded that Japan might take such measures of guidance, control and protection in Korea as she might deem necessary not only to safeguard but to advance her special interests, provided that such measures were not contrary to the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations. Korea was subsequently first "protected," and then annexed. In consummating the final step toward control, Japan guaranteed to the powers that existing treaties with Korea should remain in force for ten years subsequent to annexation.

In the light of the foregoing it is interesting to note that Sir Edward Grey's recent declaration emphasizes Great Britain's adherence to the principle of equality of commercial opportunity and the preservation of the "open door," and does not, apparently, make any reference to the broader political significance or possibilities of the negotiations now in progress.

In the various treaties which the United States has from time to time signed with China, it has been clearly stipulated that should the government of China grant to any nation, or the merchants or citizens of any nation, any rights, privileges or favors connected with navigation or commerce, with political and other intercourse, such right, privilege or favor should at once inure to the benefit of the United States, its public officers, merchants and citizens.

These rights Japan claims to regard as inviolate, for Count Okuma, the Japanese Premier, in his recent message to the American people through the columns of the *Independent* asserts:

> That Japan has not infringed the rights of other nations.
>
> That Japan has adhered strictly to the principle of equal opportunity.
>
> That Japan is not attempting to secure a monopoly in China.
>
> That Japan is not attempting to create a protectorate over China.
>
> That Japan is not seeking to secure in China any advantage which does not accord with the Anglo-Japanese alliance or with any treaties or undertakings with the United States.
>
> We have fully informed the United States and the other interested Powers as to Japan's purposes.
>
> We believe that they are satisfied.

In considering this declaration, lest there be misunderstanding it should be remembered that for some years Manchuria and Mongolia have been re-

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in diplomatic notes regarding railway construction, exchanged between Great Britain and Russia in 1899. It was recognized by Germany at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, and has virtually been accepted by the other Powers. That is, while they have claimed an equality of commercial opportunity, the political supremacy of Russia and Japan in these regions has not been questioned since 1910, following the failure of the Knox proposals to neutralize the Manchurian railways.

Technically speaking, there is justification for the claim that the privileges and concessions which Japan is now attempting to extract from China do not conflict with the treaty rights of other Powers. The railway in the Yang-tze Valley, for which Japan desires a concession, would, however, compete with the road for which a contract has already been signed with a British firm. Moreover, the suggestions that China appoint Japanese advisors to various governmental departments; that Japan exercise a general supervision over China's foreign loans, and that Manchurian or Mongolian revenues shall not be pledged as security therefor without Japan's consent; that Japanese officers be clothed with a certain police power, and that China purchase at least 50% of the munitions of war required from Japan, or manufacture them in arsenals and plants under joint Japanese and Chinese control, are not, it might be asserted, in accord with the spirit, at least, of equal opportunity.

Yet under the "most favored nation" clause, which treaties with China in general contain, those who are not satisfied might find a remedy. Whether other Powers will insist upon securing it, and whether either China or Japan would consent to grant citizens or subjects of other nations rights similar to those which Japan now demands and may ultimately secure, is open to serious doubt. The Japanese demands *per se* nevertheless would not violate China's existing treaties with other Powers, unless Japan specifically stipulated that these privileges and special rights are to be enjoyed exclusively by Japanese.

This situation is the one which those who now prophesy the closure of the "open door" have in mind. But British interests in China are far more important than our own, and if Sir Edward Grey is content we cannot be expected single-handed to enforce a possible protest. Nor will we attempt to do so. Secretary Bryan, it is understood, has been in close consultation with the Japanese Ambassador and the Chinese Minister, and apparently inspired reports come from Washington that there is, perhaps, not sufficient authentic information available to warrant a detailed anticipation of the results of these Chino-Japanese negotiations, but previous statements in THE NEW REPUBLIC that some sort of equality of commercial opportunity would be preserved and that Japan would secure a political domination in China, would seem to be confirmed by the declarations of Sir Edward Grey and of Count Okuma, and by the reported American attitude. This will be humiliating for China, and will doubtless continue to evoke protests from British and German traders, as well as American missionaries and business men. There will be stories of Japanese intrigue and cajolery, of Chinese bandits officered from Japan, of revolution in China fomented by funds obtained from Tokyo. In these there may be some truth, but there may be more fiction. We are not going to fight in any case. If we credit these rumors and give them wide publicity, it will breed bad blood and greatly interfere with the possibility of our exerting our friendly offices in China's behalf. This is all that we should attempt, for it is all that we are willing or able to do. To render any real service we must appear not as the supporters of one side and the enemies or mentors of the other, but as the friends of both. It may sometimes be necessary to disagree with the Japanese, and it may be impossible to do all that the Chinese desire. But if our relations with the East are in the future characterized by sympathy, tact and fair dealing, if we are not stampeded or unduly agitated by special pleading on either side, we may be able practically to demonstrate our good-will both for China and for Japan, and our readiness to cooperate with other Powers interested in the maintenance of peace in Eastern Asia.

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A Stylist on Tour

WHEN you speak admiringly of Henry James, the later Henry James, it is the platitude among a large class to say: "Life is too short. I loved the early Henry James. 'The Portrait of a Lady' was wonderful, and I could follow him to 'The Turn of the Screw,' but never again. It is probably my own stupidity, but I can't stand the later style."

It is a matter of taste, a matter, that is to say, of emotion, and you cannot argue a man out of his emotions. But for my own part, I am happy that I enjoy the later labyrinthine James. Had I possessed the open straightforward nature of my friends, had I been more like a locomotive engineer in my own psychology, I do not imagine that a supposedly tortuous style could give me exquisite pleasure. But if it is discreditable to be like this, at any rate it is a delectable viciousness. And I am even sorry for my more straightforward friends.

It is utterly mistaken and not a little tiresome, however, to believe that this pleasure is all esoteric. If Henry James lacks Biblical simplicity it does not mean that he is not the sincerest of the sincere. A simple style, every one agrees, is the most desirable thing in literature, and there is no doubt that the more completely a man is inspired the more simply he expresses himself. But if a man is in the plight of the analytic, if at the moment of asseveration he is supremely conscious of the kind of man it is who is asseverating, his product is bound to be complex. It is this extreme self-consciousness, this incessant introspection, that baffles most readers. And yet there is little reason for being baffled. The greatest literature, no doubt, is the result of a completely confident interaction between head and heart, the authentic utterance of perfect realization. An artist may merely say: "The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass." But, so far as that impression was concerned, he was simple lord and master, and the result is to make us lords as well. But if an artist is constantly aware of the dubieties of impression, if he is so scrupulous that he refuses to give currency to any impression without recording the degree and the circumstance of authentication, why should we resent him? Perhaps Mr. James's power to lose himself in any conviction is meagre. Perhaps his interest in his emotions is sometimes monstrously greater than the emotions themselves. Perhaps he weighs his little feelings too preciously, putting his coal [illegible] the Bay . . . the gayety of the light th[illegible]

times, becomes an accountancy infinitely more delicate than life has any use for, exhibits a craving for adjustment so preposterous that it would petrify all vital processes for its accomplishment, the fact remains that few have so succeeded in submitting civilized intercourse to justly sensitive analysis. As for sincerity, it is his god. If he has recorded the last ripple of his emotional pebble it is, in his own phrase, "for sweet truth's sake."

To re-read "The American Scene" is to discover how intensely valuable is just this meticulousness. Here, if anywhere, we have the later James, the insistent excoriator, and here, if anywhere, a finikin ineptitude would be betrayed. But a faithful reading leaves the sense of a fine, inclusive, meditative spirit, a man who seeks beauty first but who seeks it on the terms of the familiar social comedy in America. No one who does justice to these mild but remorseless discriminations can ever afford again to deprecate the "later James."

Take, for example, the quite casual characterizations of New York architecture. Looking at the Tiffany building, Mr. James does not dismiss it as a handsome reproduction. To him New York is an "ample childless mother who consoles herself for her sterility by an unbridled course of adoption." He does not baldly state that he prefers the Public Library to a skyscraper. "Any building that, being beautiful, presents itself as seated rather than as standing, can do with your imagination what it will; you ask it no question, you give it a free field, content only if it will sit and sit and sit." Similarly he can hit off New York in one phrase as "all formidable foreground." He can criticize its gridiron form for its "longitudinal avenues perpetually, yet meanly, intersected." He can defend a desired "vulgar" conformity on Riverside Drive by saying: "A house-front so 'amusing' for its personal note, or its perversity, in a short perspective, may amid larger elements merely dishonor the harmony." He can illuminate his own diminutive boyhood in New York in a single reference to "the great dim, bleak, sonorous dome of the old Bowery" Theatre. And the clearest note in suburban architecture is struck by his acute response to the houses' "candid look of having cost, as much as they knew how."

Equally searching is his eye for people. He took a "shining steamer" for Jersey on a summer afternoon, and drank in "the immense liberality of

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in identity, of the young men of business." We get social New York at a cotillion: the "collective alertness of bright-eyed, light-limbed, clear-voiced youth, without a doubt in the world and without a conviction." He discerns "its instinctive refusal to be brought to book, its boundless liability to contagion and boundless incapacity for attention, its ingenuous blankness to-day over the appetites and clamors of yesterday, its chronic state of besprinklement with the sawdust of its ripped-up dolls"; disputable, if you like, but intelligibility itself. And who else has so discerned the empty imitativeness of "conspicuous waste" in New York. In worlds otherwise arranged, the occasion itself produces the tiara. "In New York this symbol has, by an arduous extension of its virtue, to produce the occasion."

Vulgarity of various kinds arrested his musing glance. The palaces at Newport he described in a characteristic mixed metaphor as "the white elephants, all cry and no wool, all house and no garden." The spoiled resort on the East Side had found "that pestilent favor of 'society' which is fatal to everything it touches and which so quickly leaves the places of its passage unfit for its own use and uninteresting for any other." He speaks of "the general grimness of the person he deals with over the counter." "The wage-earners, the toilers of old, notably in other climes, were known by the wealth of their songs; and has it, on these lines, been given to the American people to be known by the number of their 'candies'?"

He dislikes "the little tales, mostly by ladies, and about and for children romping through the ruins of the Language, in the monthly magazines." He sees many points of the Boston Public Library as "admirable for a railway-station." He speaks of "the Pullmans that are like rushing hotels and the hotels that are like stationary Pullmans." And in the hotel there is "the lone breakfasting child to reckon with; the little pale, carnivorous, coffee-drinking ogre or ogress, who prowls down in advance of its elders, engages a table—dread vision! —and has the 'run' of the bill of fare." Vulgarity in more flagrant form he also notes. He met some trying people traveling in the same stage-coach. "They scaled the pinnacle of publicity, and perched on it flapping their wings."

But it is not all even so temperedly censorious. Many things he loved and endeared, and he has a tender avuncular habit of personifying every single place that attracted him as an appealing feminine presence. New Hampshire, Newport, Central Park, Charleston, Florida—each of these personalities became for him alluringly feminine. A [illegible] fail in his own net

pages, as one might suppose. He could speak of the American sky as "often peeled of clouds, in the interest of the slightly acid juice of its light," but there are passages of lyrical tenderness. "I woke up in the New Hampshire mountains, in the deep valleys and the wide woodlands, on the forest-fringed slopes, the far-seeing crests of the high places, and by side of the liberal streams and the lonely lakes."

Deriving ideas from everything he witnessed, Mr. James read more into, and got more out of, democratic possibilities as he penetrated into America. Impatient of the South, of its "pretence of a social order founded on delusions and exclusions," he grew more patient, as he remained, of the national exemplifications. It is for his sense of these that "The American Scene" is most worth studying, though he had sharp words to speak of "bagmen" and skyscrapers, California and "untutored liberty."

It is nearly ten years old, "The American Scene," and by this time it is probably relegated to the topmost shelf. But it is a mistake not to sit with it, and attune oneself to its thin, fine voice. That voice whispers inimitable revelations—revelations which Mr. James's inferiors will, as time goes on, deliver to us as their own, with a "punch."

F. H.

New Witnesses

SOME time ago I went to hear a lecture given by a celebrated Englishman in a remote Brooklyn hall. The interior was ugly with the clean, brisk, prosperous ugliness which our Jesuits usually impart to their places of conclave. A single dazzling bulb sprang from each rafter, and the room was black with priests—some admirable physiques among them and not one, I suppose, weighing less than 150 pounds. Privately I thought it a singular place for a lecture on the relations of religion and democracy, but all doubt vanished when the distinguished publicist began by reminding us that for two years he had been a faithful child of the Church. I prepared to hear of the relations between the Church and democracy; they had been estranged so long, and it was pleasant to learn that mercy and truth had at length kissed each other; but the address soon resolved itself into an admirably neat compendium of Hilaire Belloc's book published in 1912, "The Servile State." "They are all tarred with the same brush, these people," I thought resentfully; "the same resonant and hypnotic phrases, the same pious

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perfect periods elapsed, and as the brilliant fabric of his cause rose from them automatically, one could not but admire the honorable if deadly logic. And by degrees a feeling of pity was aroused for the very character of his reactions—reactions based on little else but haunting terror of experiment. A watchman of tradition, I reflected, like the Iron Man whom Minos set to patrol the coast of Crete, eternally walking along an illimitable shore which the sea is crumbling.

He had become a Catholic, the speaker said, in order to escape from the atmosphere of modern thought into the atmosphere of clear thinking. He added that there is no such thing as modern thought in any case; the intellectual processes are the same *in omnia saecula*. If a thing were really modern you might know that it was untrue. He said that the Church had always made, directly or indirectly, for the democratic ideal. Without actually denouncing slavery, she had by degrees made slavery impossible. On the ruins of the pagan world she had reared the fair young tree of freedom, watered by blood and tears, and under its boughs Demos had played happily as a child. To be exact, the slave had become a serf, that is, a Christianized slave, and the serf an economic unit, an owner; and in the Middle Ages the glorious distributive state, reared with such exemplary patience by its priestly shepherds, had blossomed into a marvelous fruition, when it was suddenly and disastrously blighted by a cold wind from Germany and the Reformation was full upon us. The monasteries fell, the trade unions went under, the peasants' lands became common lands; all the great cooperative adjustment of the Middle Ages was dissolved, and in that moment capitalism was born and a proletariat created. The petty princes and brutal led-captains saw in the religious revolt their supreme opportunity to despoil the economic autonomy of the laboring class. The Reformation filled the rich man with good things, but the poor it sent empty away.

In his youth he had been dazzled, like so many young men, by the great vision of socialism, and he had only discovered his mistake when he suddenly discerned that no attempt had been made or would be made by the collectivists to force their panacea on a grateful society; that is, by confiscation. Disenchanted by this striking evidence of vacillation on the part of the collectivist politicians, he had withdrawn from them, and not long afterward the Church had received her own; *anima naturaliter Christiana*. And then he launched the ultimate explosive—the explosive forged in 1912 by Hilaire Belloc. Sick of capitalism and rejecting most sinister order; to wit, the Servile State. Time had long withheld this portent, to disgorge it at a moment when the weakened and persecuted Church is no longer able to protect her poor workers; when the last barriers which she has reared between the producer and the satanic consumer are everywhere being broken down, particularly, it would seem, by radical legislation. Yes, through "insurance acts," the movement for "cheap divorce" and the rest, there are gradually being instituted two classes of workers—one the free man, owning to an indefinite extent the product of his labor, and the other—"Well, in England," said the orator with a certain irony, "we call him an 'insured' person." And the brows of the priests began to knit with more than a passing perplexity, for, according to the editor of *The New Witness*, Christ had evidently labored in vain. Society is being reestablished on the very basis which the Christian church came to destroy—in a word, chattel-slavery.

The edifice of the argument was now completed, and while the orator crowned it with a rather conventional peroration, I fell back fascinated by the vision that we are all potential slaves, and pondering the processes of that mind. It was clear that to confuse a thinker of this stamp with the so-called standpatter was merely puerile. A reactionary is simply one who rebels against an existing tradition in favor of a previous tradition. The modernist who in the very sheepcote of the Church harks back to a primitive Catholicism, the follower of Wilson who wishes to divert the formidable flood of business into the peaceful fishing-pool of the small competitor, each is a reactionary in the sense that he shrinks from extreme developments and founds his hope on a certain golden mean which he places inevitably in the past. It is unfortunate that the golden mean should, for the purposes and conditions of the modern world, be so meaningless.

And if this is true of the religious reactionary and the political reactionary, what can be said of the mind which combines both attitudes, a mind, like the lecturer's, which attempted to annihilate two unrelated problems with the same missile? And again a feeling of irritation was aroused against that species of mentality—priest-trained or priest-ridden, it is all one—which has strangely emerged from the confusion of motives and issues, following the separation of State and Church. Grant them their eternal religious affirmation, concede them their little, irrelevant triumphs, acknowledge that slavery disappeared with Christianity, that the R[illegible]

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Leo XIII has been abandoned by socialists (always vaunted as a marvel of apostolic subtlety), what is the object of these dialectics; what do their framers demand of the life to which, in their own vocabulary, God has called them? G. K. Chesterton, a splendid mediæval figure rollicking down Cheapside, would probably be content if all the city clerks wore smocks and the gates fell with a clang at sunset. It is simple enough to enjoy such an attitude and let it go at that. But think of a serious mediævalism which proposes to organize the industrial chaos of twentieth century England with peasant proprietorship, and fills the ears of Catholic sodalities with such antiquated terrorism as the Servile State.

"Whenever I hear of the collapse of a tradition," wrote Anatole France to Paul Hervieu, "I think with a sigh of the new one which will come to take its place, and I ask myself the question—will it not perhaps be more inconvenient and dangerous than the other?" It is the chance expression of a generous and classic mind passing through a moment of weariness, of irony, one of those rare moments which are the small luxuries of the free-thinking spirit. But there are men who apply this paralyzing doubt to every human dilemma which they are called upon to face, and who apply it with all the austere Christian pessimism of those whose only hope is in eternity. And the desire was strong to say to all these neo-Catholics and New Witnesses, "Try to understand that the issues of the present hour have overflowed and submerged your little systems and interdicts. Do not say that if a thing is modern it is certainly untrue. Do not prohibit all experiment with the blighting indifference which is based on dread and nothing but dread; remember that adventure is the very ecstasy of statecraft." But I awoke to the banging of hard seats, and, emerging into the winter night which dominated the desolate common, I saw again all that dark, flowing, multitudinous life which never looks back, which never for an instant stands still.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Battles—New Style

IN the opening weeks of the present war the chief difference between its battles and those of the past was in size. Waterloo had been fought on a front of four miles, Gettysburg on one of less than ten, even the Franco-Prussian War saw no impressive expansion of the battle fronts. But the Battle of the Marne was a struggle—or a series of struggles—extending from the environs of Paris to the Argonne, considerably more than a hundred miles.

From the contest on a tremendously broad front the battle almost imperceptibly dropped to the level of a trenching contest. Again there was at the outset plain resemblance to our Civil War precedent, to the famous lines of Torres Vedras, behind which Wellington stood in the Peninsular war. Lee before Richmond fought in trenches for many months.

The development of the battle line in France from the Oise, to the Somme, to the Lys, to the Yser, may be compared with that of the parallel trenches of Lee and Grant from Petersburg to Five Forks; the main difference being that while Lee, having insufficient forces and unable to get reinforcements, was obliged to stretch his line so thin that Grant finally broke it and compelled the evacuation of Richmond, both the Germans and [illegible] to the Battles of the Yser and of Ypres. Here the Germans were patently repeating Grant's Five Forks tactics. With overwhelming forces they attacked the thin Belgian and British forces on the Allied left, as Grant had similarly attacked Pickett on Lee's right. But the thin line held, the Germans were unable to pass the flank of the Allies.

The character of the struggle in the west again changed with the end of the two battles of Flanders. With one wing resting on Switzerland, the other on the North Sea, both German and Allied lines were now safe from all flanking operations, and the battle fronts had reached their maximum extension. Henceforth it was impossible to have recourse to any of the familiar methods of manœuvering an army out of a position. There was left nothing but the costly and hazardous frontal attack against entrenched opponents.

From November to February, partly because of weather conditions, partly because the Allies were still lacking in numbers and heavy artillery, while the Germans were diverting their reserves to the east, there was little activity on the western front. But in February for the first time there begins to develop the new style of battle, which has now become familiar to all who read the war despatches.

The first example of this new style battle was

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army corps, about 250,000 men, and an enormous mass of heavy artillery. Against the Germans, holding a low ridge, rising above the monotonous Plain of Champagne less than two hundred feet, they directed terrific artillery fire. Under cover of it they advanced slowly, beating off counter attacks until they had occupied the whole ridge, but their advance in a month did not average a mile on their active front.

The second example was far more illuminating. Having made a similar artillery concentration at Neuve Chapelle, the British suddenly opened a furious bombardment upon the Germans before them in the village of Neuve Chapelle, destroyed the village, wrecked the German trenches, and then occupied them before the Germans could recover from their confusion. The mission of the artillery in such an operation is first to reduce the enemy's trenches, then to build up a wall of fire between the enemy's reserves and their trenches, which have been shelled, under cover of which the infantry can advance and organize the captured trenches.

At Neuve Chapelle this method was followed, but unfortunately for the British the zone of fire between the German trenches and the German reserve was badly calculated and their own advance checked by the fire of British artillery. Once the British had taken the German trenches they followed the tactics of the French in Champagne—organized them and prepared for a counter attack. This came with great promptness, and for several days the fighting was desperate, but in the end the British hung on to their gain. In both the fighting in Champagne and about Neuve Chapelle there were patent results of great strategic advantage if the Allies could actually break through the German lines—that is, both the front and the reserve trenches. But in this in both cases they failed utterly.

Such advantages were to be expected only in case of overwhelming triumph, of success beyond any reasonable expectation. In addition there was another end sought. In these struggles, in the French campaign about St. Mihiel, the British at Hill 60 in Flanders, which followed, the Allies were plainly adopting the familiar Grant policy, attrition, which General Joffre has rechristened "nibbling." For Grant and for the western Allies the problem was the same. The time had now arrived when the numerical advantage of the Allies in the west was decisive and bound to grow. With 750,000 British troops in France, with the Belgian army reorganized, with French military establishment at the maximum of its possible strength and efficiency, the Germans were [illegible] Russian campaign in the Carpathians was making new demands all the time upon them.

Thus, if the Allies could keep up sustained pressure from Switzerland to the sea, and furthermore, in local actions—which in reality were battles on larger scale than nineteenth century history records—make the German loss equal to or greater than their own, they must in time wear the Germans down to the point where their lines, like Lee's about Richmond, would be so thin that the Kaiser's generals would have to choose between retreat to a shorter line and disaster due to the breaking of the lines.

As the Allies now possessed a superiority of heavy artillery and, what was even more vital, of ammunition, their commanders reckoned that this policy of attrition could safely be pursued. Thus at Neuve Chapelle the loss of the British up to the time the German trenches were actually occupied was greater than that of the Germans. But the German counter attacks made in the open and in massed formation under artillery were, if British "eyewitness" reports are to be believed, much larger, and the total German loss 20,000 to 12,000. In addition, the French operation compelled the Germans to send to Champagne reserves stationed about Neuve Chapelle, and this permitted the British to make their attack. The French offensive in the St. Mihiel region was followed by a successful British advance at Hill 60 in Flanders, suggesting another deflection of German reserves, which weakened the line in front of the British, with similarly costly consequences.

Without accepting the reports of the Allies as to their achievements too completely, it is possible to accept what they attempted as indicative of their strategy. To force the fighting, to kill as many Germans as possible, at least a number equal to their own losses, to play the Grant game on a stupendous scale, this was what General Joffre and Sir John French had now undertaken.

One more advantage the Allies had, and a great one. Such battles as were now fought demand enormous supplies of ammunition. The battle of Neuve Chapelle cost the British more ammunition than the whole Boer War. Here the Allies were able to draw upon the neutral world, upon the United States mainly, to supplement their own stocks. Russia, too, could draw on Japan and the United States by the Trans-Siberian. But Germany, shut in by the blockade, compelled to manufacture her own ammunition to meet Russian as well as French, British, Belgian and neutral production, lacking in copper, obliged to supplement Austrian as well as German supplies, seemed bound

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Looking over the whole contest in the west from February to the approach of May, it will be observed that the Allies followed a consistent plan. Champagne, Neuve Chapelle, Les Eparges, Hill 60, were all battles of the new style; each was marked by immediate local success followed by tremendous counter attacks, in which German losses must have been great, even if no greater than those of their more numerous enemies. The German advance about Ypres, going forward as these lines are written, is an example of the new style battle in its details. But it may be reckoned, on present information, as a great counter offensive, the most ambitious for many months, necessitated by the successful British "nibble" at Hill 60.

Such, briefly, is the new style battle, as it is now being fought in France and Belgium. By adopting it the Allies seem to have resigned any plan for any "spring drive." Rather they have settled down to the method by which Grant destroyed Confederate military strength, to the strategy of Wellington in the Peninsular. Unless these plans are abandoned it seems inevitable that the summer will be the bloodiest in modern history, while the actual change in the battle lines in the west may be inconsiderable, if German resources in men and ammunition can last until autumn.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Henry and Edna

OWING to the recent death of Edna's father, the wedding was to be quieter than Edna's mother would have liked it. When the two women were alone they spoke of the wedding as something whose quietness had to be borne with and forgiven. Edna's mother spoke in the same strain even when Henry W. Henry was with them. Although he regretted her tone, having liked Edna's father, Henry nevertheless listened with an air of slight continual deference. He had been brought up to show respect for age.

Sitting alone in his rooms, though never in more than one at a time, Henry regretted the antenuptial fuss, the acknowledgment of gifts, the passionate distracted shopping. He wondered how his wedding could have sounded any louder if it hadn't been muffled in bereavement. The noise of its approach was discordant. These should have been still and listening weeks, he felt, and dove-colored by thoughts of sweet and serious change. He determined to do something which would make his feeling plain. It was a worthy feeling. Something so new that it had never been done, or not done for years. He consulted the

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in the papers, of invitations to be addressed and to remember that wedding songs were formerly commanded by the great. He knew a poet with a number in the telephone book, called him up and ordered a wedding song.

When the poet came, by appointment, he bore a lute in his hand, and began to sing the song he had written. This conduct was so surprising to Henry that at first he did not understand the words. Nor was his surprise less when he began to hear them. It was a song all of echoes, like the old songs in old books, telling how the maidens first undressed the bride, and then said good-bye to her who would not wake again a maid, but would rise with a new and nobler name. And in the song one prayed that the night might abide, and morning be long in coming.

Henry did not care for this song, which seemed to unshadow his domestic life, to pour an incurious bright light upon him and Edna.

Again the poet came, bringing this time a song made out of dreams. The strangest shapes of grotesque or very awful dreams, dreams which even to himself Henry had not told, which he hoped he had forgotten, whose remotest relevance to his marriage he had denied with outraged self-respect, dreams he had been afraid to look at—these the poet seized and related to one another and made into a prelude to marriage, the fulfilment of dreams. The poet remembered what he couldn't possibly have known. He remembered dreams that Edna, who was well brought up, never, never could have had.

Henry was shocked by this song, which dragged sinister and absurd things from their corners into the light and studied them with curious eyes.

When the poet came for the third time he brought a song which no poet wrote, most surely, but some man of figures with a turn for scansion and rhyme. This man treated Henry and Edna as if they were quite ordinary people, obedient to statistical laws that govern the herd. He reminded them that the shadow of divorce, though it fell across their wedded life, was no thicker than the shadow of a tall blade of grass, and that the rest of their future was sunlit. He explained this by addressing Henry and Edna in the cheerfullest stanza of his song:

> Your chance of staying wedded until death
> Dissolve this holy union and ideal,
> Endowed with riches personal and real,
> Is twelve to one, the statistician saith.

Not even the poet seemed certain of this song's acceptance, for he brought with him a fourth, which sang minutely of announced engagements

the actual life Henry W. Henry was nowadays obliged to share as often as he went to Edna's. It smelled of details.

Henry saw there really wasn't any use. The poet didn't appear to get the idea. Henry told the poet so. But the poet, quite uncowed, rebuked Henry, whom he accused of rejecting an Elizabethan marriage song, a Freudian dream poem, a poem which faithfully estimated Mr. and Mrs. Henry's chance of keeping out of the divorce court, and a poem descriptive of the life Henry wasn't ashamed to be living. Neither tradition, nor dreams scientifically expounded, nor the dangers and banalities of real life, would Henry have. What was his idea?

Henry couldn't exactly put it into words, though the poet assured him that words, if the idea were to be communicated at all, must be the medium employed. The original idea was by now obscured. Henry knew, of course, though he didn't say, that he loved Edna with a simple, manly love, the love of a strong man for a nice girl, but different. He wanted to sacrifice himself for her, and protect her, and put his arm round her waist, and pay her bills. He saw her in white, with a long white veil, standing by his side at the altar. He heard her say "I do." He saw a house on the southern slope of a hill, and a dining-room, and Edna's face across the breakfast table. He saw a sitting-room in autumn, lamps lighted, a temperate fire of logs, with Edna making tea after their brisk gallop. He saw days farther off, and children learning outdoor games under his tuition. Tearfully he half saw her wondering eyes newly awake, in earliest light, before daybreak. But at this he shied away. He never forgot what he had been taught, that it is unlovely to foresee what it will be lovely to know some day, and through golden years to remember. His imagination walked the near future like a sedate cat on a table, steering clear of fragile things.

Q. K.

The Natural School

A SURPRISINGLY small amount of administrative machinery for so varied a system is required by the schools of Gary. Mr. Wirt is the City Superintendent of Schools. Under him each of the five school buildings has an executive principal. Two supervisors of instruction look after the pedagogical work of the system. The director of industrial work has charge of building repair, and supervises the shops where the children work under the mechanic-teachers. There is no attempt to segregate the vocational work. Manual, physical, artistic and academic activities are administered on an equal footing.

For the teacher the Gary school should be almost as liberating as it is to the pupil. In the details of courses much initiative is left to the teacher. It is really an inductive school where courses are worked out by supervisors consulting together on the basis of classroom experience. Teachers are encouraged to experiment and develop their own ideas. Here is the first public school I have ever seen that resolutely sets itself against uniformity of method or product, that recognizes differences of individuality.

The working-day of the teacher may be longer, but she is relieved of the burdensome home-work. The nervous strain is lessened also by the freer method of discipline. There cannot be unruly children unless children are ruled, and in the Gary there would be in a concert audience, with the same natural motives, freed of "rules of order," for quiet. The frequent change of room and activity in the Gary school prevents, too, that nervous restiveness which must inevitably come to the child kept long at his desk. The point is that only in a free and varied school like this can one talk of effective discipline. When school activities are as attractive as they are here, deprivation becomes punishment. There is at hand an instrument for inculcating reason into refractoriness which is as powerful as the stoutest disciplinarian could wish. The ordinary school tries to keep up a military system of conduct, without any means, now that corporal punishment is generally abolished, of punishing infractions. In a Gary school "being sent home" for misbehavior usually means being sent to a place infinitely less interesting. But there is little talk about "mischievous and unruly boys." Those children who, in spite of everything, "are not adapted to our kind of school," may go to the school farm in the country to work. But this farm is not in any sense a "reform" school. Delicate children may also be sent there, and other classes go for a holiday. As to the personal manners prevailing in such a free school as this, with its absence of moral homily, and effort to "train character" through obedience and discipline, I can only repeat the words of an Italian boy who had recently come from orthodox schools

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at Gary about schemes of "self-government," which can be little more than a humiliating pretension in any school. A kindly judge did once institute "Boyville" in a Gary school, with a parody of municipal functions, but its unreality soon relegated it to limbo. Spontaneous organization there is, but it grows out of real work. The boys' ninth grade English class, for instance, has organized itself as the Emerson Improvement Association, and its work revolves around the speaking and writing necessary in conducting the affairs of the organization. There seem to be no "extra-curricular" activities, which create so many problems elsewhere. Athletic teams and sports are connected with the gymnasium work. Other societies spring up naturally out of the school interests. Problems of "fraternities" and the control of athletics which confront so many high schools are thus naturally avoided.

The Gary school not only lightens this strain of discipline for the teacher and cultivates her initiative, but serves as a kind of training-school for the teachers themselves. The newcoming teacher learns by acting as helper or "apprentice" to the older teacher, just as the children in shop or laboratory learn from one another. The result is an uncommon and appealing equality between teachers and children, without imposed authority on one side or subservience on the other. Beside Mr. Wirt Mme. Montessori seems almost a beginner, so daringly has he carried the principles of self-instruction up through the higher grades. Even visiting teachers and superintendents who wish to learn the theory and practice of the Gary school must learn in the same way. Mr. Wirt does not lecture to them. He allows them also to come into the school for a few months as helpers to teacher or principal. Everybody who has anything to do with a Gary school must evidently learn by doing the real work itself. Nothing shows more clearly the whole-knit fibre of Mr. Wirt's philosophy than this new kind of "normal" school for visiting teachers.

I was pleased with the absence of self-display. Advertising has come from the outside. The teachers seem innocent of the great number of things they are doing which a large part of the orthodox educational world believes to be impossible. You are talked with frankly and genially, but nothing is done to impress you. You are left to interpret it all for yourself. Those who miss the spirit will find weaknesses. Professional educators hold up hands of horror at the "looseness" of the teaching. They miss the dramatic effect of the "well-conducted recitation"—the drawing-out [illegible] sixty children, actually accommodates over eight [illegible] gives them every facility, if less elab-

the old-fashioned standard of how the teacher is teaching rather than the new one of what the child is learning. My complaint would be rather that there was still too much teaching that is conventional, particularly in the lower grades. And I have an animus against the deadly desks and seats which are still in use in too many of the classrooms. But the significant thing is that this kind of a school is not static or completed, but a constantly growing organism. The only limit to which it may grow lies in the imagination and initiative of teachers and pupils. And the school cannot be judged in cross-section. Even when it starts with so admirable an equipment, its life has just begun. For the mechanical and artistic, manual work and intellectual study, are all directed towards enriching the physical body and the spiritual life and atmosphere of the school. This intensive cultivation of resources produces that "embryonic community life" which is Professor Dewey's ideal, where in actual work the child senses the occupations and interests of the larger society into which he is to enter.

Mr. Wirt's schools would be unworthy of discussion were they not capable of imitation generally in American towns and cities. Already a number of communities have copied the essential features, and Mr. Wirt is at present occupied in remodeling a few of the New York City schools, successfully, too, in spite of the fact that New York, on account of its rapid growth, its great alien population, and its political cross-currents, presents perhaps the most formidable school problems in the country. The only substantial difficulty in remodeling schools according to the Gary scheme is the matter of playgrounds. Even this is surmountable, for most cities have parks or usable vacant lots within reach of the school. Mr. Wirt's great triumph in Gary is the old Jefferson School which he found when he came to the town. This was an orthodox ten-room building built by the city fathers to accommodate Gary children for many generations. By turning the spacious attic into a gymnasium, transforming five of the classrooms into music and art studios and nature-study laboratories, by building a jack-of-all-trades workshop around the engine-room in the cellar, a domestic-science kitchen in an unused corner, and by appropriating a nearby park space, he transformed a perfectly ordinary school building, whose prototype may be found in every town in the land, into a full-fledged, varied and smoothly-functioning Wirt school. Through the "rotation of crops" system, this school, built for three hundred and

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Perhaps I may here recapitulate. The mere prosaic business economy of the Wirt scheme is enough to recommend it. No school board can afford to neglect a plan which not only saves money to the taxpayers, but provides better facilities, more varied equipment and better educational opportunities than even well-to-do communities can at present afford. The Wirt school solves the vexing "part-time" problem. Gary is the only city I know that has room in the present building for at least one-third more children than there now are to go to school.

In the second place, the plan solves most of the problems of vocational and industrial training which now confront the public school. It catches the child's curiosity and skill on the up-stroke. It makes no separation of manual from intellectual work, and avoids that sinister caste-feeling which seems to be creeping into the vocational movement. And from the point of view of economy again, the scheme of devoting industrial work to actual care of the school-plant enables the school to provide a great variety of occupations almost without additional cost to the community.

In the third place, the plan provides a large measure of individual instruction. It is a school for every kind of a child. The flexibility of schedules, the cooperation of outside agencies like the churches, the varied activities, give opportunity for the fullest development of differing interests and capacities.

In the fourth place, the plan carries out throughout the school life the educational truth that learning can only come through doing. The habits and attitudes of careful scientific observation, or purposeful interesting activity which is neither work nor play, the social, democratic, and cooperative background which such a school cultivates, are exactly the qualities we need for our younger generation in American society.

Such a school carries out the best ideals of American democracy, as I see them, in an extremely effective way. Its philosophy is American, its democratic organization is American. It is one of the institutions that our American "Kultur" should be proudest of. Perhaps professional educators, accustomed to other concepts and military methods and administrative illusions, will not welcome this kind of school. But teachers hampered by drill and routine will want it, and so will parents and children.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Stop the War"

SIR: We have long needed in this country a journal of fearless, unbiased and thoughtful opinion. As one who has looked to you to fulfill this need, I was painfully astonished to read in your last issue the specious, not to say absurd, argument you bring against the magnificent appeal by the editors of our foreign-language press asking manufacturers and workmen to stop supplying arms to the European nations. You say: "Will an embargo on arms shorten the war? In our opinion it will simply prolong the war." In other words, the crime against humanity which is now being perpetrated abroad will go on anyway, whether America has a hand in it or not, so let's have a hand in it. Could anything be more unreasonable, more immoral? You might as well say the conditions of life will never be perfect, therefore we should do nothing to improve them.

The fact is, however, that by placing an embargo on arms, our government would not only emphasize to the world that our ideal is peace, that we are sincere in this ideal and not the double-dealers the cynical European has had good reason to consider us, but also that the war cannot last if American firms cease to supply the belligerents with arms. The press is constantly bringing us news that the campaign is slackening because of a shortage in war-materials. Only recently Lord Kitchener tried to force English factories to work at increased speed. And did not Russia a few days ago place a loan of $80,000,000 in the United States for the purchase of arms? In view of these facts your statement that England "can stand a

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It stands refuted in the acts of the belligerents themselves.

If, as you say, the editors of our foreign press "will have to be met by argument," the argument, I submit, is up to our national government, and its object must be to explain why the sale of arms is not immediately stopped. That argument our government is unable to furnish.

HENRY G. HILL.

Baltimore, Md.

A Word for Dublin

SIR: The reviewer of Mr. Joyce's book, "Dubliners," does several injustices to the Irish metropolis; but his roughest piece of injustice is in the heading, "True Dublin." Surely the reviewer knows that a "true Dublin," a "true Edinburgh," or a "true Springfield," cannot be rendered in fifteen sketches. Mr. Joyce's book is remarkably good, but after all, it deals with the "Bowery" end of Dublin life. It would have been only fair for your reviewer to tell your readers that Mr. James Stephens' "Mary, Mary" represents another and an equally true side of Dublin. Your reviewer takes it for granted that Dublin is a city of second-class human beings. What place could he have in his mind for comparison? If Dublin contains second-class human beings only, the writer of this note has been meeting mainly third-class human beings since he left it. "The town," says the reviewer, "is one of the dirtiest and meanest in Europe." Well, take Fifth Avenue and the better part of Broadway out of New York, and Michigan Avenue out of Chicago, and

The Movies

THERE are two ways, after all, of considering any modern invention. One is to consider it in the light of its use, another in the light of its misuse. There is no human contrivance that hasn't certain dire possibilities. A safety match is an admirable little thing, but not when the baby eats it. A laundry pin serves its humble purpose in the world, but not when the baby swallows it. Dynamite can be employed to blow men to smithereens, but it can also be employed to blow rocks to smithereens. One of the ugliest murders in modern times was the Phœnix Park murder, but it was only by a cruel irony that Lord Frederick Cavendish was stabbed to death with the finest surgeons' operating knives. The man who bought those knives had often put similar ones to a purpose diametrically opposite. If the demon in man can pervert his own instruments, it is a feeble argument against the instruments.

There are times when man's machinery seems created to enslave him. Were one a pit-boy at the mines, or a youth in the glass-works, or a shirtwaist maker, or a laundry worker, or a coal-trimmer on a liner, or a fighter in the trenches, one might curse the day that machinery was invented. But man is the deity over it all, over his glass and his sewing-machine and his ocean greyhound and his lyddite, and when he asserts his deity over these, his own creatures, they will glorify, not bestialize, his existence. A "simple life" is not the answer to machinery.

It is understandable, however, that the attempt to adapt a machine process to art should antagonize the conservative. Most conservatives still see the "movie" through the noisy gloom of the first firetrap theatres. The movie, in their eyes, is still a theatrical tintype. They observe its vogue, but they also observe the vogue of chewing gum. And, as they reckon it, the movie is in a class with chewing gum.

To assume a lofty tone about chewing gum would not be sincere on my part. Still, as one of the mortals to whom it was never anything more than an avocation, conducted in timid privacy, I recollect it as perhaps the least delectable of uselessnesses. Combining the maximum of activity with the minimum of effect, it seems to be the supreme example of lost motion, and on that ground alone I disdain it. On similar ground, though they are equally dear to millions of Americans, one criticizes the average moving pictures. Popular though they are, the conservatives are justified in contemning them. Incapable of assimilation, they are, for the most part, mental chewing gum. The objection which holds for one holds for the other. And it is no apology to say that they are "popular." The best test of democracy is often the desire to revise, rather than submit to, the popular. It was once popular to dress like an undertaker in midsummer, to sleep in a stuffy bedroom, to regard a woman who smoked as a prostitute, to be lugubrious on Sunday. A custom or a taste or a prejudice is not entitled to respect because it is popular. If the popularity of bull-fighting in Spain does not vindicate it, the popularity of the vapid movie in America does not vindicate it either. It is perhaps pleasant that our tendency is toward aesthetic insipidities, not brutalities. But that is also open to question. A country that leads the world in domestic homicide cannot lay too much flattering unction to its soul. Perhaps it would be better for us if we killed a few more bulls and satisfactorily utilized it is not proved capable of the most wonderful utilization. They fail to appreciate the illimitable artistic, the illimitable social, possibilities of the moving picture.

What Bernard Shaw says in the current *Metropolitan* is true. The moving picture is incalculably potential. It is availing of human curiosity and human imagination as no other medium has ever availed before. Speaking the universal language, it is the greatest instrument of popular suggestion that has ever been devised. Capable of pouring the most diverse material into the brain, it is limited only by mental capacity. However inadequately its material has been governed up to the present, its power is unquestionable. To ignore that fact is, for actors or publicists or educators or playwrights, to go on thinking in terms of gas after the discovery of electric light.

Last year nearly ten million feet of film were inspected by the National Board of Censorship. The total cost of the circulated films was probably close on $50,000,000. What this means, as regards the interest created and the time and money consumed, staggers the imagination. That the profits of the regular theatre should be cut in half is only one small proof of the energy diverted to the movies. Most of the energy has come from channels never before tapped for semi-aesthetic amusement. The movies have broken a window into the blank wall of myriad minds. They have spread a thousand worlds at the feet of the simplest spectators.

But, granting its social significance, the question of its artistic significance remains, and it is on this that its ultimate value hinges. Primarily a process for reproducing things seen, the great problem is its potentiality for giving artistic value to the things it reproduces. Can this machine process, in other words, be used to express emotions inexpressible in any other way?

As it exists, the moving picture process is not yet aesthetically enlightened. Its aesthetic possibilities have been ruthlessly sacrificed to the mere crude informative or sensational possibilities. Neither actors nor producers have learned as yet to work within its conventions as the sculptor works within his, controlling their mechanism as he does in the interest of a new, an emotional, result. But, once the aesthetic intention governs the process, and raw reproduction ceases to be the object, the prospects for an art are illimitable.

That an art can lie submerged in mankind, as the Gothic cathedrals lay submerged in the unchiseled rocks of France, is one of the facts which give life its value. It is only of recent years, we may as well remember, that through the genius of Isadora Duncan we became again aware of the possibilities of dancing, and began to recapture the "fair attitude" of Tempe and the dales of Arcady. It is perhaps ambitious to suppose that any machine process could lend itself to any such emotional result, but the experiment beckons us.

Once men begin to think of the camera as an aesthetic instrument, I believe the art of the movies will be vastly subtilized, ramified, developed. There is nothing which the eye of man has seen, nothing in form or color or movement, nothing so delicate, so evanescent, so glorious, nothing from dawn to dawn or from pole to pole, which may not be captured and adapted by its magic. I believe the day will come when people will look back on the present productions as admirers of Coburn and Stieglitz look back on the first tintype. And when that day comes the despised machine will have paid part of its debt to

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Books and Things

EVERY now and then, and always with surprise, I hear one of my contemporaries remark that he or she cannot read Robert Browning nowadays. The emphasis is usually on the last word. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the speaker could and did read Browning with joy. My renewed surprise is always at the fact of change. Excepting Tennyson, there is no Victorian poet about whom my opinion has changed less. Possibly I now resent more wearily Tennyson's somehow-trustfulness that good will be the final goal of ill, and find the exceptional blamelessness of his blameless-stainless king a little harder to bear. Perhaps I groan louder when he says "we needs must love the highest when we see it." Certainly I get more pleasure than I did from his nature poetry, and especially from the art with which his longer landscapes are composed. Certainly there is an increase in my admiration of his "lonely word." If "Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!" seems even worse than it used to seem, yet this water-picture seems even more exactly lovely:

> So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
> As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
> The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
> In silence.

Forasmuch as Tennyson had Tennyson's eye for the visible world, and Tennyson's ear, we forgive his docile piety, forgive him for degrading life to the level of duty, for wishing to spiritualize our animal nature, for his invincible nobility. But here there is little change. Hasn't this been the orthodox attitude toward Tennyson for thirty years?

As for Browning's detractors, in the two or three cases I've investigated, the explanations were a good deal alike. Browning was remembered as a believer in personal immortality, a wholesome oppressive optimist, a welcomer of each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough. Worse yet, said my informants, he is an ingenious optimist, who seeks to justify his point of view by endless frightful ratiocination. When we were twenty we liked optimism. We don't like it now. My answer, so far as I had any, did not prosper. I began by admitting that perhaps Browning, who sees this world as made up of so many things, sees it most of all as a gymnasium, from which you pass, after gallant arduous exercise of all your muscles, into a sort of everlasting track and field day, where you will break all your worldly records, swim farther under water than you ever swam here, run faster, jump higher, chin yourself more times. Nor can any one deny that Browning is optimistic. What may be doubted is that "optimist" is always and necessarily a term of reproach. An optimist is a nuisance, of course, who folds his hands and meekly concludes, no matter what happens, that God knows what is best for us. So is the optimist who loses his train, unregretfully watches its rear coach dwindle, and turns homeward saying, "All's right with the world. After all, more people caught that train than lost it."

But Browning is no docile folder of hands. If he lost his train he would probably swear. If he were standing within earshot when you lost yours, and if you swore at all competently, he would listen to your words. His optimism, whether you like it or not, is his. It accumulates in him by a function prodigiously natural. Quite as natural are his ingenious repeated attempts to justify it. He is driven by no sense of duty, but only by a robust epic splitting as a scholastic's. Daring to be yourself is a form of courage much in vogue. To give elaborate endless reasons for daring to be yourself may be, and with Browning it is, merely one way more of being yourself. His hope of a better world wasn't rooted in an under-estimate of this, for which his appetite was catholic and enormous. Although he believes that God's ends justify God's means, this belief was not essential to his enjoyment of the world. For him, if the ends hadn't justified the means, the means would have justified themselves. If he hadn't found life good he would still have found it just as interesting. And he was a passionate and rather fair-minded student of evidence against his favorite beliefs. I admire the accident which united a keen appetite for life with a mind eager to justify to itself things which this appetite had o.k.'d, and yet patient to hear the other side. Browning, with an appetite for life so eager that he would be excusable if he had taken the goodness of the world for granted, does not offer us marked-down faith, bargains in courage, optimism at half-price.

To me the most irritating of all optimisms is the one which has its roots in reason alone. An anaemic sedentary man, who never puffs and sweats, who can't tell a double play from a thirty-foot putt or cut-plug from shag, loses through inability to value the parts of life all authority when he tries to value the whole. But Browning's athletic argumentative intellect was merely seeking a basis in reason for certain affirmations made by his senses and his imagination and his love of scholarship. In many of his poems, he does, I admit, state the case for God. This habit gives offense in many quarters. The offended persons forget that Browning was almost equally ready to state the case for anybody else, for a grammarian, a faultless painter, a Latin-loving sixteenth-century bishop, a cheating medium, the Third Napoleon. It is no more than decent to remember, when next you are tempted to blame him for thinking all's right with the world, that he had first-hand evidence for thinking many of the world's details equally all right. By his incessant curious interest in life he acquired a momentum which carried him past his signals plump into a belief in immortality.

However, all this is no answer to people who genuinely don't like to find in poetry beliefs which are not theirs. No answer can be given except by persuading them to re-read the Browning they used to like. Only by doing this can they realize that although he welcomed each rebuff he welcomed a lot of other things—a sunset-touch, a chorus ending from Euripides. His faith was no preference for the high road. It didn't keep him from alertly exploring the byways of doubt, and liking the wild flowers that grow in such places. Although this great poet was a tremendous believer he was also a tremendous enjoyer, a man who wore a top hat in London, dined out, talked profusely and a little too well, loved English country, Italian country, Italian towns, pictures, Greek, music, liberty, history, the queerest kinks in the queerest minds. And I can't remember against him a case where his faith got between him and the particular things he was looking at, or where his love of loyalty kept him from noting the concrete oddity of the particular manifestation of loyalty that happened to be engaging his attention. After all, some of us have no strong objection to faiths we don't share. "Sterling and I," says Carlyle, "walked westward in company, choosing whatever lanes or quietest streets there were, as far as Knightsbridge

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Verhaeren

Emile Verhaeren, by Stefan Zweig. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00 net.

IN one of the poems in "Les Blés mouvants" Verhaeren shows us two Virgilian shepherds lost with their flutes on the misty plains of Flanders. How sing of fruit, and honey, and sensuous love in this chill gray land, they complain? And they commiserate the peasants they see through the smoky cottage windows, nursing their pipes over the hearth. But an old Flemish shepherd stops them at last, and slowly explains the spirit of his people:

> Les gens qui sont d'ici
> Aiment la peine et le souci,
> Et leur ciel inclément et leur terre indocile
> Ils acceptent leur sort et n'en veulent changer
> Et conquièrent dans le danger
> Leur bonheur difficile.
>
> Les muscles de leur corps
> Ne sont joyeux que par l'effort
> Qu'ils ménagent avec calme afin qu'il perdure;
> Leur volonté tenace est un métal rugueux
> Qu'ils ont coulé dans un bon creux
> Sans paille ni soudure.

Verhaeren is first and last the combative son of this tough, composite people whom catastrophe cannot break, and I always see him against the wide horizons of his native plains. Though the French language and poetic forms are his medium, and he is called by those Gallic critics who accept him at all the greatest living French poet, he is scarcely more French in the narrow sense than Burns was English. His fine, bristling, gray-blonde head and his clear blue eyes mark him out from his Parisian confrères as does his raucous, emphatic speech in any assembly of *verslibrists;* and the "freedom" of his verse is less a matter of technique than of something rude, unmalleable, elemental in his spirit. His meter is akin to the wild northern winds and rains he loves to celebrate; it is heavily accented like the cloud-piled skies we know in landscapes of the Flemish school. Maeterlinck, with his delicate mediaeval shades, his silences, his nerveless fatalism, has so long been the only Belgian writer familiar to Americans that we are amazed to discover this tremendous, affirmative countryman of his, whose greatest gift is an almost cyclonic eloquence.

Herr Zweig, Verhaeren's first interpreter for the American public, insists quite rightly on this lyric eloquence, and the multitudinous vision of our age of which it is the expression. Himself a poet, and an apostle of the great Belgian in Teutonic lands, he writes "with enthusiasm, with gratitude ever renewed and with joyful admiration," rather than as an objective critic. The result is a prose paraphrase of Verhaeren's poetic content that runs turbidly in English translation, and might well mislead the reader unfamiliar with the poet's own works. Now Herr Zweig is not the least bit disingenuous in claiming his master for German culture. He has a sympathetic understanding of the mixed quality of Verhaeren's genius, but he is frankly enchanted to emphasize the guttural notes and measures that outrage French traditionalist ears, and to praise supremely the later "cosmic" and abstract and rhetorical versions of Verhaeren's social lyricism which have had least success in either Belgium or France.

follow the regular French verse form, and are in subject concretely and aboundingly Flemish. Look at the Frans Hals "Merry Company" of the Altman Collection, in which a laughing, blonde, exuberant beauty holds the middle of the canvas among a jovial, leering band of topers and roysterers, and you will have the essence of the first. The second is best typified by one of Memling's monkish profiles. Both are almost pictorial representations, very close in feeling to the two types of old Flemish masters of the opposing aspects of the Flemish temperament: the brutally sensual in which Rubens delighted, with its violent appetites, color and zest of life; the pale Catholic asceticism that a few months ago still lived—hidden away in the lovely Gothic cloisters of towns like Termonde and Dixmude. Verhaeren, educated by the Jesuit fathers, had mysticism as well as much red blood in his composition, and the conflict of the two strains doubtless helped plunge him in the sombre pathological crisis of which we have a record in "Les Soirs," "Les Débâcles," "Les Flambeaux noirs." His fine "St. George" gives lyric expression to the spiritual second birth that brought him back into a more vigorous life, where his individual passions became merged in the vast activity of the modern world.

His verse now breaks traditional bonds, his outlook becomes European, and we get "Les Campagnes hallucinées," and "Les Villes tentaculaires," violent impressions, full of corrosive images and metaphors that crash upon the sensibility as breakers dash on the rocks of the conflict of agrarianism and industrialism. The *campagne* that is "hallucinated," drained of its vitality and its population by the black suckers of the grim, mechanical city is almost any rural peasant countryside; the *ville* might be Birmingham or Lyons as well as Liège. Yet—and this, in my opinion is two-thirds of the vigor of the poems—how realistically Belgian the scene remains,

> C'est la ville tentaculaire,
> Debout,
> Au bout des plaines et des domaines.

And could anything more poignantly recall this winter's illustrated Sunday Supplements than the following, written more than twenty years ago?

> Avec leur chat, avec leur chien,
> Avec l'oiseau dans une cage,
> Avec, pour vivre, un seul moyen
> Boire son mal, taire sa rage;
> Les pieds usés, le coeur moisi,
> Les gens d'ici,
> Quittant leur gîte et leur pays,
> S'en vont, ce soir, par les routes, à l'infini. . . .
>
> Les gens des champs, les gens d'ici
> Ont du malheur a l'infin.

Verhaeren's effects are cumulative. It would take a long series of passages to give the force of his synthetic projection of Europe in the pangs of social rebirth. No poet not inalienably attached to the tradition of fertility and beauty and religion hitherto associated with the land and the past could have written anything so virulent. Walt Whitman, for instance, to whom Verhaeren is often compared—and the similarity of their form, their discovery of a new aesthetic value, and a new poetic vocabulary in the harsh subject matter of industrialism and democracy are striking enough—came by his triumphant democratic creed much more easily than Verhaeren by his scientific and unanimist [illegible] as he grew older, "le lyrisme uni-

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generations, (Zweig is a typical Austrian example; in France one thinks first of Jules Romaine and his group) became more positive, and more ecstatically dithyrambic. Comparisons with Wordsworth and Shelley and Victor Hugo suggest themselves, and one wonders how much Verhaeren owes to his own Flemish mystics. "Admirez-vous les uns les autres," he commands, admire everything on the teeming earth. Do not criticise, expand—"la vie est à monter et non pas à descendre."

> Multiple et livre-toi. Défais
> Ton être dans des millions d'êtres
> Et sens l'immensité filtrer et transparaître.

To me the rhetorical and generalizing philosopher of "La Multiple Splendeur" and "Les Rhymes souverains" seems much less likely to survive than any of the other Verhaerens. Herr Zweig cuts the ground from under my feet by asserting that he can only be truly appreciated in Germany and Russia, "nations hungry for God." One readily concedes his affirmative value for jaded Europe. But I commend American readers to the stupendous yet localized seer of the early days; to the author of "Tout la Flandre," lover of sun, and sea, and windy plain, and *ville à pignon;* to the tender and harmonious Verhaeren of "Les Heures Claires," "Les Heures d'Après-Midi" and "Les Heures du Soir," whose storm-tossed soul has discovered the blessedness of the domestic fireside; to the Verhaeren of "Les Blés mouvants" who, in his robust old age, after his years of wandering and convulsive feeling, has returned with a ripened and tranquilized national understanding to look out again upon the Belgian plain. The almost classic flavor of "Les Blés mouvants," its combination of ardor and sobriety, its blending of the secret spirit and outward aspect of the land, its human generalization, recall Mistral's best poems, and betray the clarifying influence of Verhaeren's long contact with the traditions, and the subtle unemphasized outlines of the "pleasant land of France." Here, and in "Les Heures" one gets at least a hint of the spell that drew this elemental northerner to identify the greater part of literary life with a country not his own; a country where, because of the foreign sound of his improvisations, he has never been wholly accepted.

Every nation is entitled to find its own message in the works of a great poet. England has been discovering Verhaeren of late, and his drama, "The Cloister," was performed in London by a Belgian company not long ago. Has his generous cosmopolitan faith foundered in the vast European ship-wreck? That were pity indeed, for, as Zweig says, he was the first poet to do for socialist and international Europe what Whitman did for America. Yet it seems inevitable, ardent Belgian that he is, that he should now be writing "The Men of Liège," and "Aeroplanes over Brussels."

> Ils vont, passent et rodent
> Et promènent partout le danger suspendu
> De leur brusque maraude.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Making Agriculture Interesting

The Lure of the Land, by Harvey W. Wiley. New York: The Century Co. $1.40 net.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago a distinguished French physician, François Quesnay, in spiritual try. He bought a farm in the Nivernaise, which refused to pay, and thereby he learned much that was of use to himself and also to mankind at large. Before Quesnay, men knew indeed that a thriving agriculture is the essential basis of national prosperity; but they had never addressed themselves seriously to the task of discovering the secret of rural thrift. Little by little Quesnay's interests were stolen away from his researches in fevers and humors, to concentrate themselves upon agricultural prices and forms of land tenure, upon seed selection and stock-breeding, upon fertilizers and rotation of crops. He gradually drew about him a circle of writers and statesmen, with whose aid he transformed agriculture into a favorite topic of polite conversation. Eventually ladies-in-waiting about the Queen were expected to make sage remarks upon guano and *la grande agriculture,* and august princes in more lands than one had themselves portrayed, in serene agricultural demeanor, with hand on mattock or plow.

What the political doctor Quesnay achieved was really something of prime importance. He gave the thought of his day a new cast, and his school very markedly influenced the Revolution and the institutions arising out of it. It would be easy to draw a parallel between France under the Ancien Régime and the United States of our own time, in so far as the relations between urban and rural life are concerned. We need political doctors and lawyers and littérateurs to re-create the values of rural life, that the streaming of natural ability to the cities may be abated. Hence we are justified in assigning a high value to our own Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's "The Lure of the Land." Like Quesnay, Dr. Wiley has possessed himself of a farm, which, the reader suspects, doesn't pay. And in consequence no end of problems—farm labor, the cost of farm mortgages, the exactions of the middleman, as well as the technical problems of scientific agriculture—have acquired for him a vivid interest.

This interest is conveyed to the reader with remarkable effectiveness. To read the book is to enjoy the luxury of a sojourn in a fertile valley, with the good brown soil concreting itself under the soles of your shoes, and the spirit of the growing grain soothing your city-worn nerves. True, the book devotes due space to wholesome warnings. Don't be in a hurry to give up your salaried position in order to immerse yourself in the rural quiet. Agriculture means real work, and plenty of it; it also means real anxieties, and you can't expect it to be very profitable. Land sharks are eyeing you as fat prey, the organized middlemen take toll of you when you sell your products, and the trusts plunder you when you buy supplies. Finally, your wife and daughters are likely to grow dreadfully bored on the farm; be sure that they share your initial enthusiasm, at least. Through all Dr. Wiley's warnings, however, you hear the undertone of the spirit of the land, luring you down the road to the open country.

Dr. Wiley has written this book as many of us would write if we had the moral courage to do it. He has been at no pains to run down the literature of the subject. Many of his questionings on the profitableness of various agricultural practices could be answered from the existing manuals of farm management. The problem of marketing would not seem to him so difficult if he were familiar with the operations of rural cooperation in European countries. He has glanced over an official report on farm credit, and judges that there are excellent ideas in it—the reader had better look it up. Dr. Wiley needs a foil for his optimism, and so he sets forth certain

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sumes are taught to-day in our colleges; although in the form in which they appear in his pages, they are as obsolete as the speculations in chemistry on phlogiston. These little things concern Dr. Wiley no more than the canons of rhetoric, which he violates with an insouciance to endear him to the heart of the natural man.

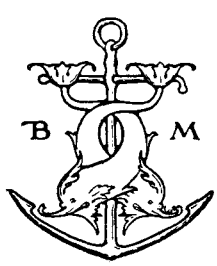
"The Lure of the Land" is not a manual, nor is it a guide book for any one, despite the publishers' assertion. It contains, to be sure, a vast deal of valuable information, derived from Dr. Wiley's own varied experience and from official documents. It presents multitudinous suggestions for the further elaboration of the scientific student, and many practical judgments worth heeding. Its proper place, however, is not in the literature of agriculture, but in the general literature designed to make agriculture interesting. After all, scientific agriculture and farm management will never solve our rural problem until the general public ceases to regard the farmer as a clodhopper to be pitied and flattered, and comes to look upon him as an expert engaged upon problems worthy of the highest intelligence, enjoying a lot to be envied rather than shunned.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The School Room

School Hygiene, by Leo Burgerstein. New York: F. A. Stokes and Co. $1.00 net.

MODERN education, difficult enough on its spiritual side, reveals itself as terrifyingly complicated in the manifold physical aspects which this little book of the Austrian expert outlines. Science seems to have a word for every detail of the school-building and school-room, as well as for every organ of the child's body. One gets the discouraging feeling of how far our knowledge in these matters is outrunning our general practice. Yet I cannot see that this hygienic expert has really solved that simple and most important problem of the school-room desk and seat. All of the carefully designed models shown in the book are ungainly and uncomfortable. It would seem quite clear that the seat should be one in which the child could widely and frequently "squirm." Now only a round seat is really squirmable-in, and there should, of course, be arms for the child to rest on. Yet the ordinary school seat is quite square and armless, and represents nothing but a very slow and almost unconscious torture-instrument for the active child. And the desk is little better. The deadly regularity of the ordinary school-room is enough to stifle any imagination. The school-room should have a subtle "I am for something: come and work in me!" air. The kindergarten and the college usually have human rooms to work in. What quality is there about the middle years that makes it necessary to confine studying children so repellently?



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